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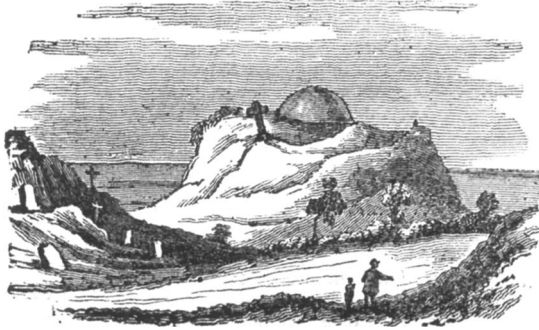
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## MOATE OF ARDAMINE, COUNTY OF WEXFORD.

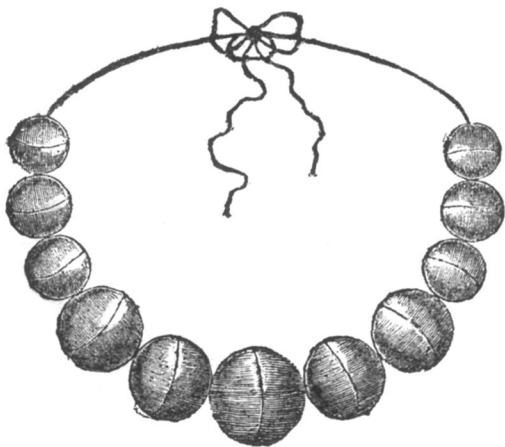
MR. EDITOR—While every hamlet or village in England has its rural history, with copper-plate views of its castles, bridges, &c., many of the most remarkable objects in Ireland, well worthy the attention of the traveller, remain to this day unnoticed, even in the statistical accounts of our counties which have been published. One of those objects which have remained unnoticed in the county of Wexford, is the moate of Ardamine, situated on the road leading from the town of Gorey to a small village on the sea coast, called River Chapel; it is a perfect cupola, or half sphere formed of clay, standing on an artificial mound, or platform of earth, about half an English acre in extent; it is the most perfect rath or moate I have yet met with in this kingdom.



On the north side of the platform stands a stone cross, of a very rude description; and adjoining the moate lies the ancient churchyard of Ardamine. There is a tradition in the adjacent country that there is a stone chamber underneath the upper mound of earth; I believe it has never yet been examined.

Wexford, 1834.

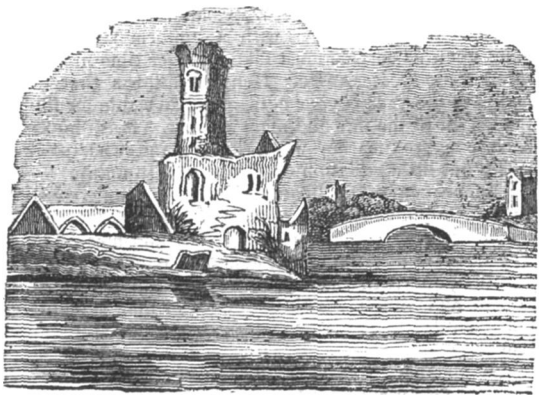
C. H. W.



ANCIENT GOLD BALLS.

The above is a reduced sketch of eleven balls of pure gold, which were left at our office by George M'Dermot, of 17 Sackville-street, Esq. They were found by two of his tenants in finishing, or, what is generally called landing potatoes, about twelve inches under the surface, near the ruins of an old chapel, and a fort, on the west banks of the Shannon, near Carrick. They have been submitted to Sir W. Betham, and the Dean of St. Patrick's, and were by the former gentleman, laid before the Royal Irish Academy, at their July meeting, and a paper was read which intimated the opinion, that they were ornamental beads for the neck of a priest or prince of the ancient Irish.—They are formed of thin plates, neatly soldered together, and their whole weight is twenty ounces eight dwts. The centre bead is four inches by two; the smallest, two inches by one; the others graduate in pairs. They are pierced latitudinally, and have evidently been strung. We look with anxiety for the next part of the transactions of the

Academy, where no doubt a paper will appear with more full conjectures or accounts of this very extraordinary and interesting evidence of ancient Irish grandeur.



TIMOLEAGUE ABBEY

Is situated about ten miles from Bandon, in the county of Cork, at the entrance to the village of Timoleague; the sea runs up to its walls through Courtmaskerry, a village about three miles distance from the abbey, where the traveller has a fine view of the Atlantic. It is said that Spanish vessels have frequently come up to the walls and delivered their cargoes of wine, &c., for the friars. About a mile from Timoleague, on the road to Clonakilty, is to be seen the remains of a large arch, to which there is many a tale of superstition attached. It is alleged that the abbey was to have been built here, but the work that was done during the day always fell at night—no doubt shaken from its foundation by the strong arm of the good people. The spot where it now stands was at length found to have a peculiar charm, and the work was allowed to proceed unmolested. In one of the aisles there is a wall of skulls, about four feet high, and ten long, which the people hold sacred.

The church in the distance may excite some interest, as it was there the late Rev. Mr. Ferguson, who was murdered near Bandon last year, officiated.

S. M.

## LINES

On the death of Captain Pierce, who perished off Seacombe, in the Isle of Purbeck, 6th of January, 1786.

The storm is past, and the winds are at rest,  
As he lay on the lonely shore;  
But the throb of life is hushed in his breast,  
And his spirit is fled to the land of the blest,  
Where the billows are heard no more.

A pillow of stone supported his head,  
Where the waves had left him to die;  
The sea-weed his funeral garlands made,  
While the bittern shrieked the song o'er the dead,  
And the sea-bird his lullaby!

The full moon rose, like a meteor bright,  
From the billows' watery bed;  
And seemed, through the silent calm of the night,  
Sadly to smile, with her radiant light,  
On the chill, cold face of the dead.

But the parting beam of that planet died,  
As it gleamed o'er the fitful wave;  
Ere the rising surge of the morning tide  
Surrounded the corse it wished to hide,  
He sunk in his last, cold grave.

C. S. B.

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